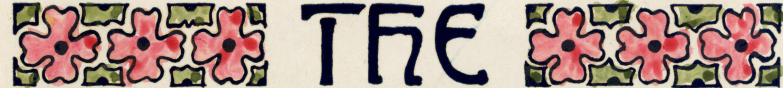


1915

RADIOGRAPH



THE RADIOGRAPH

PUBLISHED BY THE
CLASS OF 1915.

HIGH SCHOOL

WINONA, MINN.

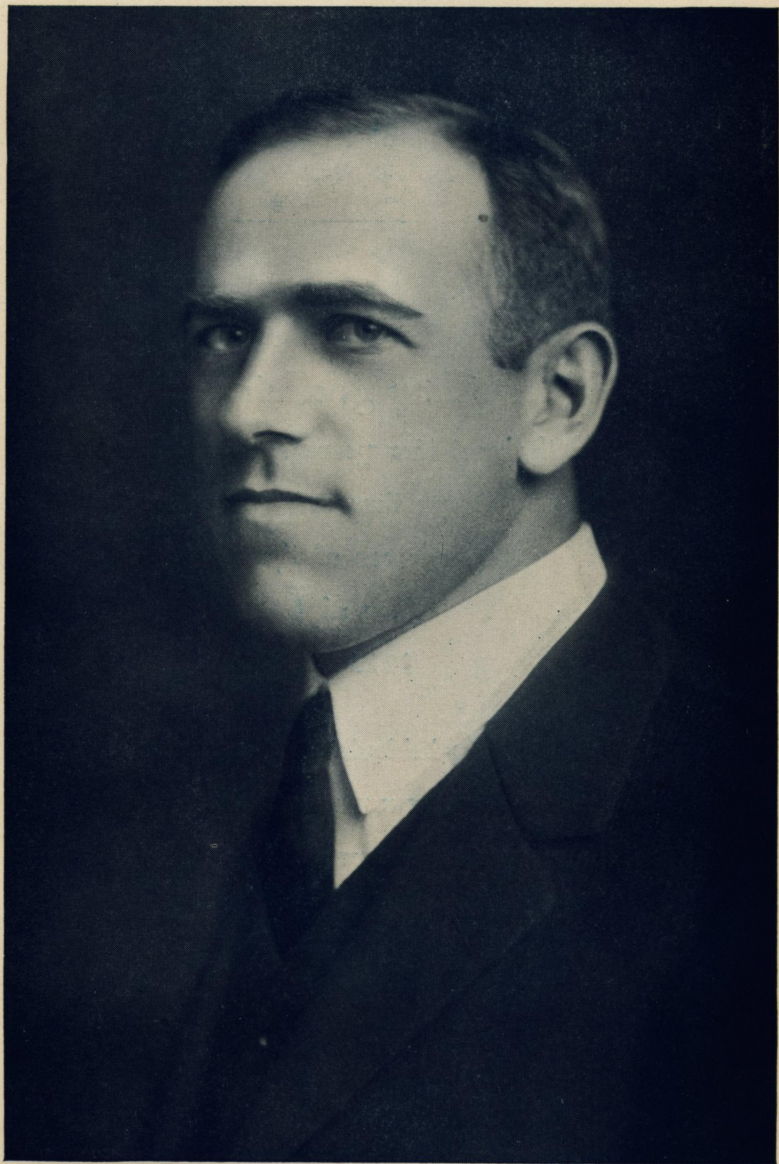


To

Miss Mary McCutcheon

who, for the past two years has so patiently
contributed her time and energy to
the success of the
Class of
1915

We respectfully dedicate this, our annual
number, as a mark of our
sincerest appreciation



MR. J. V. VOORHEES
SUPERINTENDENT



MR. WEBSTER DAVIS
PRINCIPAL

▣ **Class Motto** ▣

Conquering, and Still to Conquer.



Class Officers

CALVIN REIBERT, President

EDWARD LIBBY, Vice President

MARGARET PRITCHARD, Secretary

EARL JEWELL, Treasurer

SENIORS

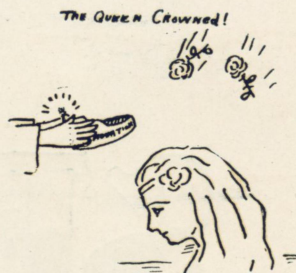




QUEEN LAURA ARNDT

"The Queen of the class, you know."

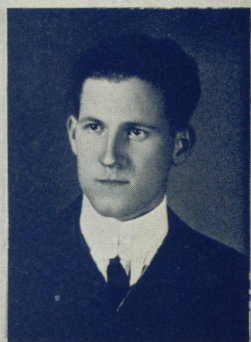
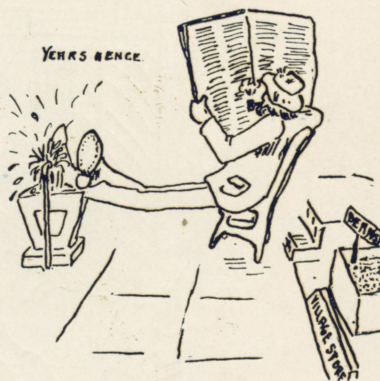
"Lost, a Chaperon," "A Suffragette Town Meeting," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Sewing Circle," "Seventeen Fifty and Nineteen Fifteen," Class History (4), Assistant Editor Radiograph (4), Girls' Glee Club (3, 4) (Honor Student).



EDWARD I. BERGUM

"We grant, altho he had some wit, he was very shy of using it."

Literary Society (1, 2), High School Club (4), (Honor Student).



GLENN SAMUEL BERTHE

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

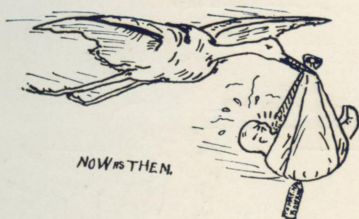
Business Manager Radiograph (3).



IRENE BOTZET

"My hair is my crowning glory."
"A Suffragette Town Meeting."
"The Sewing Circle."





PHILIP GEORGE BOURNE

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed your birthright are."

"Football (4), Debating (1, 2), Declamatory Contest (2), General Assembly Speeches, High School Club (3, 4), (Honor Student).



GERTRUDE ALVINA BREITLOW

"Lips never part, but that they show of precious pearls the double row."

Glee Club (3).



ELLSWORTH BROWN

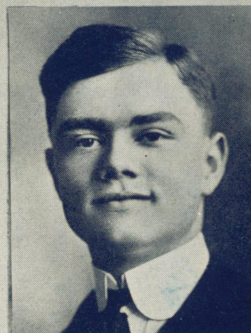
"Shall I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair?"

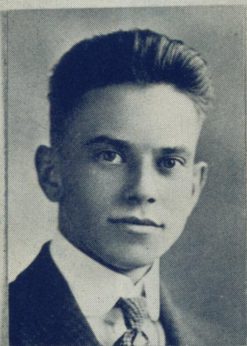
Baseball (3, 4), Assistant Manager Radiograph (4), High School Club (3, 4).

RAYMOND BUBLITZ

"If I chance to talk a little bit, forgive me, I had it from my father."

Exchange Editor Radiograph (4), Contributions to Radiograph.





CARPENTER FRANCIS BUCK

"Boyhood's but a passing stage; he'll be a man some day."

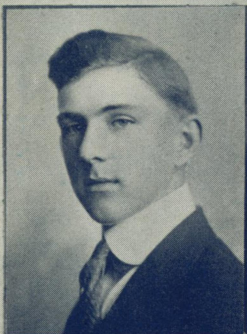
Debate (3), Declamation, Personal Editor Radiograph (3), High School Club (4).



GRACE HELEN BURKE

"I just can't make my eyes behave."

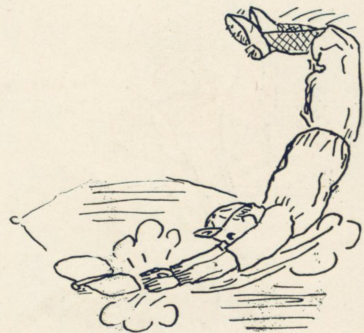
"Jumbo Jum," "Aunt Abigail and the Boys."



ARTHUR L. BURMEISTER

"I feel my valor oozing out at my finger tips."

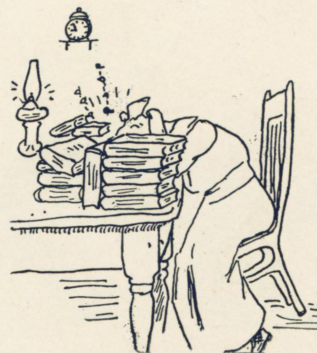
Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4), Literary Society (1, 3).



GRACE CHARLOTTE BURNS

"I thus neglected worldly ends, all dedicated to closeness and bettering of my mind."

"A Suffragette Town Meeting," "Lost, a Chaperon," Glee Club (3, 4).

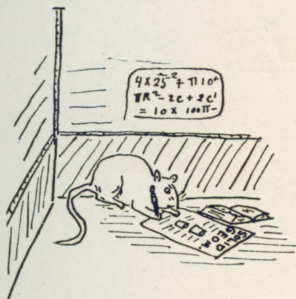




EDWARD T. CURTIS

"So with difficulty and labor hard,
moved on, with difficulty and labor he."

Secretary and Treasurer of Dramatic
Club (4), Personal Editor of Radiog-
raph, High School Club (3, 4).



ANNABEL A. DRENCKHAHN

"To all obliging, yet reserved to all,
none could himself the favor'd lover
call."

"Bachelor Reveries," "The Cricket
on the Hearth," "A Suffragette Town
Meeting," Glee Club (4).



ALBERTA MAE FELENZER

"I hope the heathen will love me
and that the Cannibals won't."

Dramatics (3), Declamatory (3),
Glee Club (4).



ARTHUR GALLIEN

"A little knowledge is a dangerous
thing." Keep out of danger.

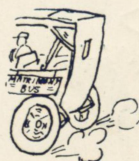
Personal Editor Radiograph (3),
Business Manager, Radiograph (4),
High School Club, Secretary (4), and
Vice-President (4).



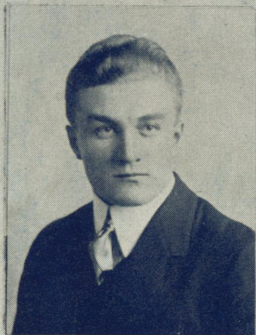


FLORENCE MARGARET GATES

"It is better to be right, though left."



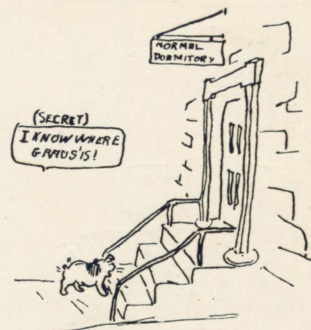
TO THE



HARRY WILLIAM GRAUSNICK

"Next to your mother, whom do you love?"

Track (1, 2, 4), Baseball (4), Football (1, 2, 3, 4), Basket ball (4), Athletic Editor Radiograph (4), Assistant Business Manager (4), "Miss Civilization" (3), "Aunt Abigail and the Boys" (3), "Jumbo Jum" (3), Boys' Glee Club (3, 4), High School Club (3, 4).



PEARL RUTH HAESLY

"Happy am I, from care am free. Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Dramatics (3), Glee Club (4).



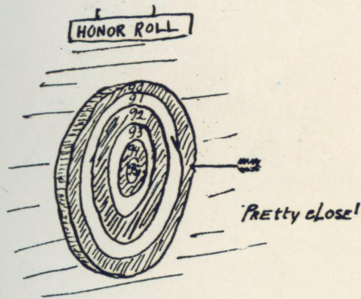
GRACE ELIZABETH HARDWICK

"To those who know thee not no words can paint."

Dramatics (3).



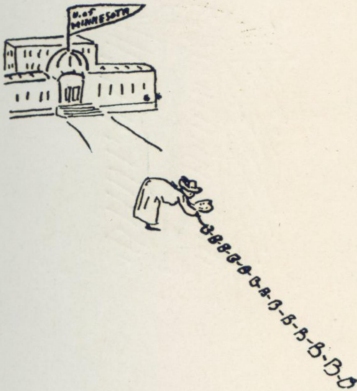
TEACHER'S DESK



ADELIA HAZEL HANSON

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

"A Suffragette Town Meeting,"
"Lost, a Chaperon," (3), (Honor Student).



INEZ HELEN HATHAWAY

"She looked so meek, and was not meek at all."

"The Suffragette's Town Meeting,"
"The Tennis Girl" (3).



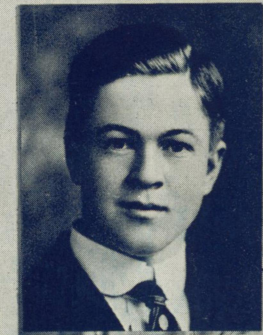
As he casts type.



CLARENCE HOWARD HARVEY

"Turn to the press; its teeming sheets survey,
Big with the wonders of each passing day."

Chosen for Class Play (4).



MARGARET M. HILL

"And music reverberates from Hill to Hill."

Glee Club (2, 3).





LAURA W. HOGE

"I profess not talking, only this; let each one do his best."

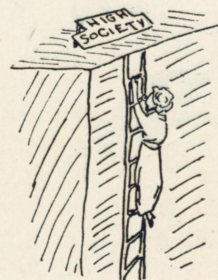
(Honor Student).



ESTHER DORATHEA HOLZ

"My tongue within my lips I rein, for who talks much must talk in vain."

Dramatics (3, 4), Glee Club (3, 4).



EARL BRANCH JEWELL

"Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading."

Class President (3), Dramatic Club President (3), President of Board of Control (4), Class Treasurer (4), Secretary of Boys' High School Club (4), "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Miss Civilization," "Lost, a Chaperon," Athletic Editor Radiograph (2), Basket Ball (4)

OUR YELL LEADER

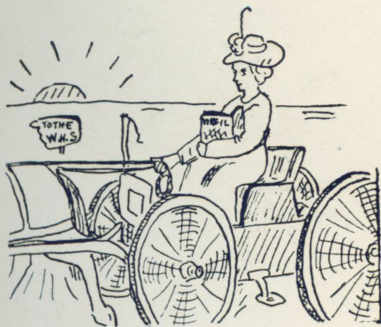


CYRUS FRANCIS JENNINGS

"I heard the chimes at midnight! Behold the morning sun!"

Radiograph (3), "Aunt Abigail's Boys," Declamation (3, 4), Football (1), High School Club (3, 4).





FLORENCE FERN JOHNSON

"Her modest looks a cottage might adorn, sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

Dramatics (3).



THE ONE EXCITEMENT
of the Day

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

LOLA A. KELLY

"Begone, dull care, I'm busy."

Glee Club.



ELVA LORRAINE KRAFT

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Glee Club (4).



OUR WILLIAM M. TELL

CARL KROPP

"His talk is like a stream which runs with rapid change from rock to roses."

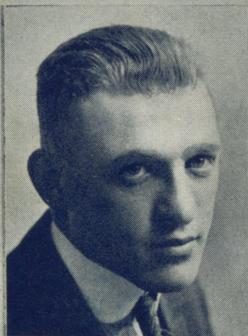
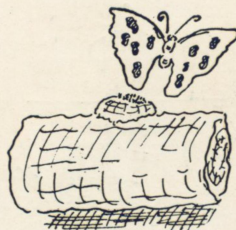
Local Editor Radiograph (4), High School Club (4), (Honor Student).



OLGA E. LAFKY

"A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye."

Debating Team (3), Personal Editor Radiograph (3), Dramatics (3), (Honor Student).



EDWARD LIBBY

"Love is a medley of endearments, jars, suspicions, quarrels, reconcilments, wars, then peace again."

Baseball (3, 4), Football (3, 4), High School Club (3, 4),



MYRON ALBERTUS LOOMIS

"A great man is always willing to be little."

"I have immortal longings in me."

Lewiston High School, Lewiston, Minn., Contributions to the Radiograph (3, 4), Second Assistant Editor Radiograph (4), Third Assistant Business Manager Radiograph (4), (Honor Student), Cartoonist Radiograph (4).



FLORENCE ELIZABETH LIBERA

"She said, or right or wrong, what came into her head."

St. Claire Seminary (1, 2, 3).





EUNICE MYERS

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

Readings before General Assemblies (3, 4); Dramatics; "Lost, a Chaperon," "A Suffragette Town Meeting," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Personal Editor Radiograph (2); Editor-in-chief Radiograph (4); Honor Student.



AMY OLSON

"Tho vanquished, she can argue still."

Dramatic Club Secretary (3); "Jumbo Jum," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (3); Personal Editor Radiograph (1); Local Editor Radiograph (3).



MARGARET PRITCHARD

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."

Secretary of Class (4); "Lost, a Chaperon," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "A Suffragette Town Meeting" (3); Glee Club (3); Alumni Editor Radiograph (4).

ELMER PROSSER

"Who says I don't love the ladies?"

Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Football (3, 4); Boys' High School Club.





FERN CAROLINE PUTSCH

"She was present at the creation of that word—flirtation."

Dramatic Club (3); Glee Club (3).



ESTELLE ANNA RANDALL

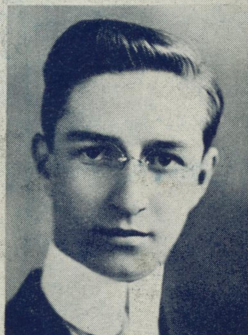
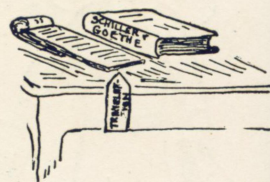
"It's the little things in life that count."

Debate (1); General Assembly Reading (3); Declamatory Contest (3); Glee Club (4).



HELEN M. REDIG

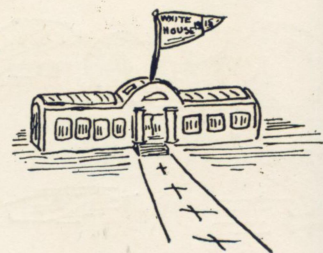
"Who word for word doth faithfully translate."



CALVIN A. REIBERT

"He is not only a good scholar, but a gentleman and a good fellow."

Secretary of Literary Society; President of Senior Class; General Assembly Reading; "A Suffragette Town Meeting," "Lost, a Chaperon," "Jumbo Jum," "The Cricket on the Hearth," Boys' High School Club; (Honor Student).





HELEN ELIZABETH ROEMER

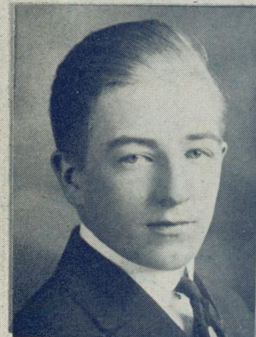
"The mildest manners with the bravest mind."

Literary Society.



CORNELIA A. RUNGE

"Piety and Virtue are not only delightful, but they leave peace and contentment behind."



FRED CHARLES SCHAFER

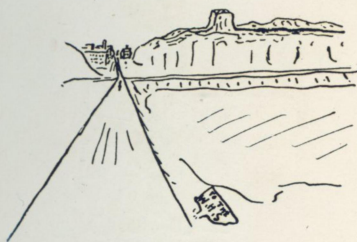
"A brave man seeks not for popular applause."

Radiograph, Assistant Business Manager (4); Boys' High School Club.

ELIZABETH ADELAIDE SCHELLHAS

"Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds."

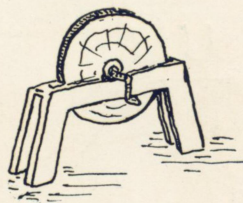
"A Suffragette Town Meeting" (3).





LAURA THERESIA SCHMIDT

"A maiden never bold in spirit."



GEORGE FRANK SCHOENIG

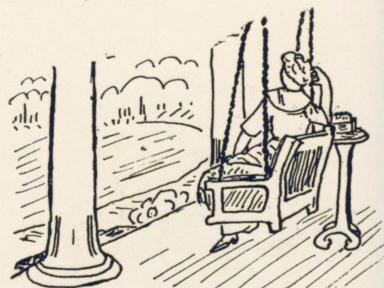
"Come and trip it as you go on the
light fantastic toe."



ELSIE BERTHA SCHULTZ

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat;
Therefore, let's be merry."

"A Suffragette Town Meeting" (3);
Glee Club (4).



EDWIN CARL SCHUPPENHAUER

"I was short(?) when I was born
and I've been short ever since."

Football (2, 3, 4); High School Club
(3, 4).

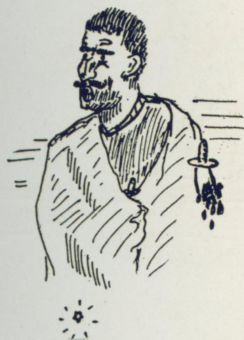




ARTHUR ADELL SEBO

"Unless someone choke him first,
he'll talk himself to death(?)"

High School Club (3, 4.)



ABRAHAM SECHTER

"I can counterfeit the deep tragedian."

Preliminary Debate (2, 3); Preliminary
Declamatory Contest (3, 4);
"The Cricket on the Hearth;" "Miss
Civilization;" "Lost, a Chaperon."



MINNIE MARGARET SONTAG

"Talking is not my forte,
I depend on my smile to make friends."

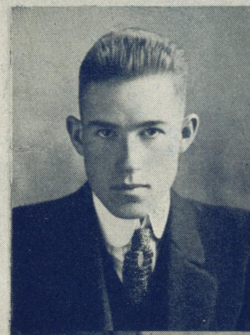
First Prize in "Sinkers" Cooking
Contest (1); "Lost, a Chaperon," "A
Suffragette Town Meeting," "The
Sewing Circle," (Honor Student).



LAWRENCE E. SPEAR

"Three-fifths of him genius and two-
fifths sheer fudge."

"Aunt Abigail and the Boys,"
"Lost, a Chaperon," General Assem-
bly Reading, Class Play, Senior Class
Business Manager of Class Play; High
School Club; (Honor Student).





ARTHUR J. STIRNEMAN

"Better late than never."

Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Team (2); Captain Track Team (4); Personal Editor Radiograph (2); Business Manager Radiograph (3); Tome School, Port Deposit M. D.



HILDA ROSAMOND THUROW

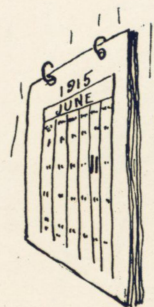
"How doth the blushing little maid improve each shining hour?"

Declamation (3); Dramatic Club (3, 4); Local Editor Radiograph (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4).



RUTH ELIZABETH WELCH

"Life is one grand sweet song. Please start the music!"



MARTHA KATHRYN WILL

"The star of the unconquered will."

Declamation (4); "The Cricket on the Hearth," "A Suffragette Town Meeting," Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Assistant Editor Radiograph (3); Editor-in-chief Radiograph (4).





ROLLAND HARVEY WILSON

"Born for success, he seemed with grace to win,
With heart to hold, with shining gifts
that took all eyes."

Vice-President Junior Class, President Senior Dramatic Club, Treasurer (3) and President Boys' High School Club (4); Debating Team (3); Radiograph Business Manager (3); First Assistant Editor (4); "Bachelor's Reveries," "Aunt Abigail and the Boys" (3); Class Play (4); Salutatorian.

GLADYS WINTER

"When the brain goes dry as an empty nut,
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing
Rhyme."

Secretary and Treasurer of Junior Class; "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Miss Civilization," "Lost, a Chaperon;" Radiograph, Second Assistant Editor (3); First Assistant Editor (3); Editor-in-chief (4); Glee Club (3, 4); Valedictorian.

SERENA ZILISCH

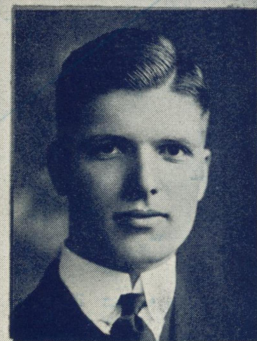
"Faith! That's as well said as I had
said it myself."

Radiograph, Local Editor (2); Personal Editor (4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Dramatics (3, 4).

LESTER REUBEN HARRIS

"Forward to the land!"

Football (4).



Commencement Announcement



SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 6.

Baccalaureate Sermon.....Rev. G. S. Keller
St. Paul's Episcopal Church

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 9.

Class Play....."The County Chairman"
Opera House

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 11.

Commencement Exercises
Opera House



"The County Chairman"



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Jim Hackler.....	Rolland Wilson
Tilford Wheeler.....	Earl Jewell
Elias Rigby.....	Lawrence Spear
Riley Cleaver.....	Cyrus Jennings
Wilson Prewitt.....	Harry Grausnick
Jupiter Pettaway.....	Philip Bourne
Sassafras Livingston.....	Calvin Reibert
Uncle Eck Milbury.....	Edward Curtis
Jefferson Briscoe.....	Edward Libby
Joseph Whittaker.....	Elmer Prosser
Chub Tolliver.....	Ellsworth Brown
Cal Barcouis.....	George Schoenig
Jimmeson.....	Fred Schaffer
Henry.....	Myron Loomis
Clabe Overton.....	Edward Bergum
Amos Whitney.....	Edward Schuppenhauer
Dawson Montgomery.....	Arthur Sebo
Lucy Rigby.....	Queen Arndt
Mrs. Elias Rigby.....	Fern Putsch
Mrs. Jefferson Briscoe.....	Grace Burke
Lorena Watkins.....	Amy Olson
Chick Elzey.....	Elsie Schultz
Tillie.....	Estelle Randall

Extra Characters—Remainder of Class.

Locale—Antioch, a County Seat.

Time—About 1880.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Main Street in front of Jimmeson's Store, Antioch—August.

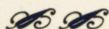
ACT II.—The Court House Grove, Opening of Campaign—September.

ACT III.—The interior of Hackler's Law Office—Four days before election
—October.

ACT IV.—Interior of Town Hall—On election night—Getting the returns
—November.

Mrs. Blanche B. Arnd, Coach.
Evanston, Ill.

Program



High School Commencement

June 11, 1915

Orchestra.

Invocation.....Rev. A. C. Hageman

Music.....Junior-Senior Chorus

(a) "Venetian Summer Night"....Arr. from Moszkowski

(b) "Daybreak".....Arr. from Chopin

(c) "Unfold, Ye Portals" (From "The Redemption")

.....Gounod

Accompanied by Orchestra

Address

Prin. W. F. Webster, East High School, Minneapolis.

Music.....Girls' Glee Club

(a) "Rest Thee On This Mossy Pillow".....Smart

(b) "My Heart's In the Highlands".....Pewschel

Presentation of Diplomas.....

Dr. F. M. Norris, President Board of Education.

Music.....Senior Class Song

Words—Gladys Winter

(Beloit College Tune)

Benediction.....Mr. J. J. Hillmer



THE STAFF

Editorial Staff

Editor in Chief, Eunice Myers	First Assistant, Rolland Wilson
Second Assistant, Queen Arndt	
Alumni Editor, Margaret Pritchard	Local Editor, Hildred Thurow
Exchange Editor, Raymond Bublitz	Athletic Editor, Edward Libby
Personal Editors:	
Freshmen, Helen Roberts	Sophomore, Willard Drysdale
Junior, Alice Blair	Senior, Serena Zilish
Reviewing Editor, Maude L. Harris	

Managing Staff

Business Manager, Aurther Gallien	First Assistant, Ellsworth Brown
Second Assistant, Fred Schaffer	Third Assistant, Myron Loomis
Faculty Manager, F. L. Steer	

GRADUATION



OR a whole year the members of the class of 1915 have been looking forward to the time when they could leave school to begin life in earnest. Many different plans for the future have been made; some of the students are to enter colleges, while others will take their places in the ranks of the world's greatest helpers, the Workers.

How serious everything now appears to the Seniors! On entering High School, life seemed all happiness and sunshine, with school only a place in which to acquire a little learning, and to have a jolly time. Slowly the school has exerted its influence upon the students, helping them to a realization, especially during the last year, of the richness of life, a something larger, fuller, nobler, a something which could aid them to elevate their lives and be a credit to all who know them.

Yet it is not in utter dejection that the Seniors will receive their diplomas commencement night. It would not be natural to accept a reward so important with a tearful countenance. We are happy, and, Fortune willing, we shall remain so, abounding in good spirits that bubble over, in their great abundance to all about us. We will even be happy enough to cheer next year's Seniors and tell them, "It's not so bad"; we could sing to them, too, the old graduation song beginning, "Gladly, O, how gladly do we hail thee, O thou fair month of June," and sing it with such spirit that they just couldn't help believing it!

A WORD TO THE FRESHMEN.

Maybe it never occurred to you how important it is that you are finishing your Freshman year. For nine months you have been going through strange experiences; some of them not even pleasant. But you need them. Our High School endeavors to make you fit candidates for the struggle of life, and as you know, book learning alone could not do that. Therefore are the knocks, jeers and cuffs from the upper classmen, and the daily reproofs from your teachers and the long lessons which would be of infinite good to you if you studied them. But do not be discouraged. If you have only six credits come to school next year and make them up. If you didn't get along well with the teachers resolve to be better next year. Of all things don't stop just because some one hurt your feelings! Every year more Freshmen drop out than Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. For instance, last year forty Freshmen quit; while only ten Sophomores and eight Juniors left. Wouldn't you feel proud if you could keep that forty and graduate in a class of one hundred and fifty members. That would surely be a great honor and a "boost" for the school. "Impossible?" Not a bit of it. Just try it and see! If you did it there could be no alternative. A large staff of teachers would be imperative and the new High School would be the result. Make people hustle to keep up with you. Raise the general standard of scholarship higher so that when you sit and listen to your own orchestra playing commencement evening you will hear a subdued murmur of,

"That is the finest, largest class of students that ever left the Winona High School!"



The Radiograph staff extends the heartiest thanks to those who have helped to make this number a success. We are indebted to Miss Beyerstedt and the art department for the artistic drawings, to the cartoonists for their splendid cartoons, and to the contributors to the literary department for their good work. The staff owes a great deal to Mr. Steer for the able management of its finances, for without this help our Commencement number would not have been possible.



LITERARY



History of the Class of 1915

By Estelle Randall and Queen Arndt



ONCE upon a time, a long time ago, one morning in September, 1911, an unwonted tumult was heard in the halls of the High School, and the inhabitants thereof, surprised into dignified curiosity, gazed about them to see what it might portend. A baby lay crying on the floor, disturbing the ancient dignity of the school with its unseemly rambunctiousness, and insisting, in spite of its youthful appearance, that it belonged there and had come to stay. When it triumphantly proved its claim by producing a diploma indubitably signed by the superintendent himself, Mr. Voorhees gave it a place in the Assembly Room, and appointed Mrs. Allen to keep it quiet, or, more properly, to play with it.

What an epoch it was in the career of that youngster! Why, all thru the eighth grade, High School had loomed before it as a great, vague, shining place of "grown-up" effort, and real life. That baby was at least six feet tall as it walked proudly in—but how speedily it had shrunk to seventeen inches as a whole, complete Sophomore rushed past it on a sounding blast of important duty, or a Senior, even, loomed up thru a shining mist of its imagination and disappeared into a cloud of unreality. Oh, I tell you, we went to our first classes, in appearance, scared little Freshmen dodging at the very sight of a Sophomore bearing anything that resembled a razor, and chasing frantically around among Mr. Myer's bottles and skeletons in a vain search for Miss Chadwick's room—in reality, conquering heroes with the golden fleece shining before us. Another disillusionment—a Senior had gotten an F—a real one, no mistake—and we flung away our books, and threw ourselves into the school life with a vim!

That baby certainly had a good time the first year. Even at that early age, it gave indications of the qualities that afterwards so distinguished it. It made more noise at mass meetings and football games than might have been expected, considering its bashfulness, and the girls, especially, patronized the candy sales most generously, (though they are apt to do that, anyway, just on general principles).

There were a few inconveniences in being a Freshman, for instance, our presence was dispensed with at the Reunion, and instead of being permitted the fearful glory of distinguishing ourselves in an oratorical effusion before the eyes of the multitude, we were consigned to the degradation of grammar and spelling classes, which we rightly considered an insult, and a return to the sixth grade.

Often, during that first long year, we had gazed at the Sophomores with admiring curiosity, wondering how they got along under Miss Chadwick's administration, and whether they had not some

mascot which, alas, had often been lacking to ourselves. We were a little apprehensive as we anxiously scanned the list of names over the door to make sure we were there—and when we got in—O, but we were good then! and our names figured less and less frequently on that silly Time-Waster's list that was handed around each day (and we never could see why we should be there, because we hadn't done anything at all). Now also it was, since we were Sophomores, and as wisely foolish as any Sophomore could be, that we began duly to appreciate our own importance. And having firmly determined that Gaul as a whole was divided into three parts, of which the Belgians were the bravest, we picked up our report cards and long-discarded chewing gum and marched valiantly upstairs.

And now began the glorious record that should make us famous through all time to come, and the despair of every Freshman. So we organized, and entrusted the dignity of our class to that energetic person, Earle Jewell, with Rolland to take command in case of a miraculous occurrence preventing our President's being right on hand, and Gladys to set down our achievements for posterity, as well as to stand guard over our limited bank account. And with Cyrus' stern eye upon us, we conducted ourselves with proper dignity and composure.

And now a glorious burst of inspiration stirred some fervid soul with the idea of a Dramatic Club, that the class might show forth its latent genius and not waste its sweetness on the desert air, which we have never yet believed in, and aren't going to begin at our time of life. And forthwith a goodly company assembled, rejoicing at last to receive proper appreciation and recognition so that the dull monotony of study was relieved by occasional performances by this gifted troupe, and will continue to be so, too, for our energetic successors have joyously perpetuated the custom.

How many fine speeches were delivered to us, but on one occasion we heard one that delighted the heart of every teacher, and made Miss Chadwick writhe with pure joy. Mr. Myers informed us that that forbidden form of enjoyment known as chewing gum was made up of an interesting compound of butterfly legs, leaves and tree bark, with an occasional bug, and ended by earnestly exhorting us to consign all such-like to the waste basket, which surely, my brethren, we had full often heard before.

Oh, we enjoyed life thoroughly that year. We invited the faculty to unite in praising us for the benefit of our parents, and provided ice cream and cake for the occasion, calling upon each in turn to testify, with proper hypocrisy, to our general excellence and merit.

And now was to be held the Junior Senior Party, 1914, which had for some time almost equalled the great subject of graduation itself in the minds of the Seniors. When the time came we turned

out in force and danced with all our might and main. But the next morning was the best. How envious the Seniors would have been if they could only have seen us toiling and working and slaving all because of them! But one mystery should be solved before we graduate. What happened to all the frappe, cake and ice cream when the committees finished their tasks that morning? (Do not begrudge it. They deserved all they ate.)

But all of that year was not so tranquil. That inventive class developed a lovely case of mumps originally presented by some thoughtful Senior just about two weeks before examination. Alas for exemptions!

Books piled our beds to the ceiling, while we were forced to recline in easy chairs, calling for pickles and wishing that eating were possible under the circumstances. However, we returned to school in time for the finals, e'en though our cheeks looked exactly like two round apples, not yet ripe.

And now at last the wider sphere (strictly figuratively, of course) of the Senior Room burst upon our mental horizon, and we entered and took possession of it—not quite as important as when Freshmen, maybe, but still very glad to be there. And being determined to finish our honorable career with a flourish, we lost no time in electing our class officers, and disputing with might and main over the important questions, rings or pins—half or whole cabinets—middies or dresses? For after all the whole purpose of High School is to graduate, and every day of the four years leads up to the one big occasion. And since enough credits are also an incidental incumbrance, we frantically set to work rehearsing the achievements of pious Aeneas and assuring ourselves that the proposition was peace—and how we wished we could be sure! Recently we have gone around with an expression indicative of absolute exhaustion, and a crushing weight of responsibility in our souls. All night the lamp of genius burns in Miss Harris' room, where the staff, with brains on fire with inspiration, concoct, as in a huge chemical laboratory, plans and ambitions for the Annual, and produce explosions that shake the walls, as hostile elements are brought into deadly contact! Wild-eyed people walk the halls, muttering desperately to themselves—not crazy, only learning the Class Play. Dreadful sounds pierce the darkness, and the passers-by flee in terror—the Glee Club is developing its full vocal powers to celebrate the time when the scared little baby of four years back, now tall and strong, and with head fairly bursting with knowledge, shall take its well-earned sheepskin. As a class, our teachers may feel rewarded for their long work with us, the High School glad to claim us. And so, "Conquering, and still to conquer," we bid you good-bye.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1915

By Lawrence Spear and Abraham Sechter



E, the members of the class of 1915 of the Winona High School, Winona, Minnesota, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament in accordance with the following articles:

First. To the Junior Class we are loath to leave a dark little dungeon on the second floor, known as the Senior Assembly room. We bequeath to our posterity, the trusty keeper of said dungeon, our beloved Miss McCutcheon. Our heirs will doubtless be consoled by the fact that the term of imprisonment in aforesaid dungeon is in the majority of cases, confined to but one year. It has happened in the past, however, that the sentence has been prolonged. Therefore, Juniors, beware!

Second. Being freed from the jurisdiction of the High School Faculty, we hereby bequeath these worthy personages to the coming generation.

Third. We are leaving our shoes, hoping that the Juniors will fill them as we have attempted to do in the past years.

Fourth. We are leaving behind those of us who failed to annex their four times eight to their cognomens.

Fifth. The Dramatic Club leaves behind their extensive equipment for the staging of theatricals, namely, two span of wooden horses, two drop curtains, two screens and one splendid graft for securing lumber for the stage.

Sixth. Those Senior members of the Glee Club are leaving behind their warbling instincts to future aspirants for vocal cultivation.

Seventh. After due reflection, Calvin Reibert decides that the only thing which he will leave behind will be his double barrel shotgun, which he bequeaths to Irla McKinley as a pair of breeches.

Eighth. Cyrus Jennings leaves his soldierly bearing to Professor Solvason. We hope that Mr. Solvason will combine his legacy with his natural detective ability (?) and soon become a member of the Winona Police Force.

Ninth. Edward Bergum leaves his dudish ways to Alphonse Goergen; not that he thinks Mr. Goergen needy, but that the latter will be most successful in managing the estate.

Tenth. Carl Kropp leaves his high salaried position as school stenographer to any bright, ambitious applicant who is hard up for a job.

Eleventh. Rolland and Hildred leave their joint seats in the

Senior Assembly Room to Clyde and Viola. It is self evident that the heirs will pass their Senior year in the highest degree of happiness.

Twelfth. We are informed that quite an extensive library will be left behind by members of the Senior Class. Some of the volumes are specifically bequeathed while others will ultimately be dispersed by the executors of this will. We are aware of the following volumes: 1. "How I Made My Aero-Wagon," by Cyrus Jennings, willed to Risser Cotton. 2. "How to Ride a Pony," by Amy Olson, willed to Glenn Donaldson. 3. "Chicken Hunting in Winona County," by Art Stirneman and Paul Baumgartner. 4. "How to Catch Frogs," by Art. Gallien, willed to Mr. Myers. 5. "Wooing, Winning and Wedding," by Rolland Wilson, willed to Mr. Solvason. 7. "How to Become a Valedictorian," by Gladys Winter, willed to Harold Olson. 7. "How to Catch a Beau and Keep Him," by Annabel Drenckhahn, willed to Alvira Risser. 8. "How to Spin a Top," by Myron Loomis, willed to Carl Corlette.

Thirteenth. Estelle leaves her martial stride and active temperament to Stanley Carncross.

Fourteenth. Phillip Bourne, in an exceptionally benevolent mood, bequeaths his modest nature, affable disposition, pleasant smile, and one good graft with Miss Chadwick to the individual most desirous of obtaining same.

Fifteenth. Myron leaves his ponderous vocabulary for the benefit of the Freshman dictionary.

Sixteenth. Carpenter Buck leaves his Sophomore Bond (y) to the tender care of Miss Patton.

Seventeenth. Arthur Sebo bequeaths his diligence to Charles Fisher.

Eighteenth. Arthur Gallien leaves his secret formula for maintaining a fussy haircomb. It is hereby made public. He sleeps with his hat on.

Nineteenth. Raymond Bublitz leaves a portion of his affinity (?) for girls to Samuel Wright.

Twentieth. Martha Will leaves her literary ability to Roy Laufenburger. We hope in time to see him as one of the leading editors of the Saturday Evening Post.

Twenty-First. Irene Botzet leaves her demureness to Hazel McElney.

Twenty-Second. Elizabeth Schellhas leaves her fluency in French to Pauline Lemme.

Twenty-Third. Edward Schuppenhauer leaves his athletic ability to Ned Keyes.

Twenty-Fourth. Ed. Libby leaves his aggressive personality to Floyd Braley. We hope that this legacy will be of great value to Mr. Braley in his future career in the ring.

Twenty-Fifth. Fred Schaeffer leaves his aspirations for popu-

larity to Sam Miller.

Twenty-Sixth. Inez Hathaway leaves her formulas for carrying on flirtations to Marian Brower.

Twenty-Seventh. Lola Kelly leaves her proficiency at tipping the scales to George McGill.

Twenty-Eighth. Grace Burns leaves part of her perspicacity to Rosie Steinbauer.

Twenty-Ninth. When the drafters of this will called upon Mr. Edward Curtis for the purpose of drawing up his will, we found him asleep. Since our time was limited to three days, we were unable to publish his testamentary dispositions.

Thirtieth. Owing to the fact that Elva Kraft will begin practicing domestic arts in the near future, she will take all her goods with her.

Thirty-First. Olga Lafky leaves her report card to some unskilled Freshie who as yet has dealt only in colored letters.

Thirty-Second. Gertrude Breitlow leaves her boosting ways and general confidence to the school. She is willing to "undertake" anything.

Thirty-Third. A. Sechter leaves his cultivated voice to Miss Hungerford. He has been practicing all summer.

Thirty-Fourth. Minnie Sontag leaves the original "sinkers" that won first prize in cooking to Mr. Myers as an addition to his mineralogy specimens.

Thirty-Fifth. Margaret stated that she would take her "Earl" with her.

Thirty-Sixth. Harry Grausnick leaves his enormous energy in broad jumping to Roy Laufenburger. It is hoped that Roy will be able to cover the same distance as Mr. Grausnick. Of course, it must be understood that Roy jumps straight up.

Thirty-Seventh. Adelia Hanson decided that the only thing which she will relinquish is her annoying rowdyism (?) This legacy will become the property of Helen Bishop.

Thirty-Eighth. Serena Zilisch leaves her secrets of her executive ability to Miriam Morse.

Thirty-Ninth. Eunice Myers leaves her ability to grasp the significance of Senior English to Elmer Seidlitz.

Fortieth. Florence Johnson leaves her capacity for "hiking" from Sugar Loaf to that "Sugar Loaf Mite," Erna Metzke.

Forty-First. Googs Prosser leaves his shock of hair to Mr. Voorhees.

Forty-Second. Queen Arndt states that she will use all her belongings in the Class Play. On this account she is publishing no will.

Forty-Third. Ellsworth Brown states that he is going back to

the farm. He is leaving his Sunday-Go-To-Meeting clothes to the ill clad skeleton in the Zoology laboratory.

Forty-Fourth. Earl Jewell leaves his executive profficiency and his school spirit to anyone strong enough to bear the burden.

Forty-Fifth. Lawrence Spear states that he would be greatly relieved if he left behind his susceptibility to the charms of the Normalites. The same is herewith bequeathed to Kenneth Davis.

Forty-Sixth. Arthur Stirneman is so glad to get out that the only thing he will leave is the school.

Forty-Seventh. We hereby declare this will and testament as being the finale. All former wills and testamentary dispositions heretofore made by us are null and void.

In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names and offered the seal of our class, this eleventh day of May, A. D., 1915, in the presence of Professor Munson and Assistant Professor "Bear Drysdale."

(Seal)

CLASS OF 1915, W. H. S.

The foregoing instrument was subscribed, sealed and declared by the class of 1915, of Winona High School, as and for their last will and testament, in our presence, and in the presence of each of us, and we at the same time, at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, hereunto subscribe our names as attesting witnesses, this eleventh day of May, A. D., 1915.

PROFESSOR MUNSON, J. B.

Winona, Minn.

ASS'T PROFESSOR BEAR DRYSDALE.



Prophecy of the Class of 1915

Extraction from the Diary of _____!

June 12, 1940.

LAST night was one of the happiest evenings that I have spent for a long time. I was in Winona for the first time in fifteen years. Dear old Winona! Dear old High School!

This is the way it happened. April the twentieth I received a letter from our class president, Calvin Reibert, reminding me of the promise we made twenty-five years ago to return to the High on the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation. I had not forgotten, but you may be sure I was very glad to find that some one else had remembered. I had just completed a very tiring year's teaching at Columbia so that it was with real pleasure that I boarded a train for Winona. The trip was uneventful enough until the train pulled into Chicago. As I sat idly looking out of the window a hand descended on my shoulder and on looking around whom should I see standing there but Margaret Pritchard! It was a great pleasure to see her, I assure you.

We went from there on to Winona together. The trip was full of surprises to us. After we had talked to our heart's content, she telling me about her settlement work in Chicago, and I relating the ups and downs of school life, we decided to go thru the train on a tour of investigation. There we found several persons whom we knew. In the dining car were Adelia Hanson, Esther Holz and Florence Johnson, seated about a table talking above scarcely tasted cups of tea. After the greetings were over, we all sat down to chatter like magpies. The three girls (I call them girls, for they are no older than I) were from Spokane, Washington, where they had been engaged as stenographers for two or three years past.

Our conversation was interrupted by a shout of "Come along, boys! Here they are!" and into the car filed, as I live, Harry Grausnick, Edward Libby, Edwin Schuppenhauer and George Schoenig, all of them changed more or less by time, but still recognizable, to be sure. Such a clatter! I never knew till then, how well I liked the boys who had been at school with me so long ago.

After the commotion had subsided there were no more interruptions until we reached Winona, so we had a long time in which to tell each other things. George was a traveling man and judging from his appearance had certainly "made good." Harry Grausnick was persuing his old tactics and had become famous as the coach for Harvard's speedy eleven. He had a close rival in Edwin Schuppenhauer but it was a most friendly rivalry. Edward Libby was an opera house manager and whatever anyone else says, I know he has done more for securing good clean plays for his city than any other man before him!

When we arrived at Winona it was about five o'clock, so we went

directly to a hotel. After dinner we walked down Broadway where new buildings of every sort had sprung up. Among them was the new High School which certainly was a magnificent edifice. Walking past it quickly, we arrived at the old High School. As we reached it the door opened and out stepped Calvin Reibert attired like a Clergyman (which he was). He looked older but was the same courteous fellow whom we had known in our school days long past.

After him, to greet us, came Queen Arndt, Glenn Berthe, Lawrence Spear, Elsworth Brown and a host of others; I can't remember exactly whom. Everyone clustered around Miss Pritchard so I wandered about, quietly gleaning bits of information. When the evening was over I jotted down some of the names and occupations so that they would not slip my memory.

Queen told me in private that she was advertising Danderine and liquid hair curler, It shocked me a little.

Glenn Berthe was the pastor of St. Paul's.

"The thing I like best about it is the life with the young people," he said. "I get to chaperone so many dances!"

Of course, every one had heard about Raymond Bublitz's latest invention. He didn't seem a bit proud either.

Arthur Sebo and Edward Bergum were in vaudeville at the Colonial. You can't imagine how well they did!

Lawrence Spear had been on the stage but he disliked the work and quit. He doesn't seem to have decided what to do next.

Fern Putsch, of all things, was an Evangelist! I surely was surprised. But she seemed very much in earnest about her work.

Talking about Fern always makes me think of Florence Gates. "Where is Florence?" I asked. "Gone to Europe to preach funeral services at Westminster Abbey." I stood speechless.



"And Inez Hathaway?" some one else asked.

"She's teaching gymnastic dancing in New York. Her school doesn't close until the seventeenth and they simply couldn't let her off."

Just then Elva Kraft came up to me with a Bible in her hand. "Look!" she whispered triumphantly. "I got it for going to Sunday School a whole year." When I recovered I asked her, "Why is Serena's hand so scratched?" "O, she keeps a hospital for cats. I guess Pete scratched her." "Where is Martha Will and Gladys Winters?" "They are both at Dakota getting out this week's "Weekly Leader. They'll be here about ten."

Rolland Wilson was there for about half an hour. He rushed away again on receiving a call from one of his numerous patients.

Minnie Sontag has been successful in her line of work. She is a moving picture actress and is starring now in "Marvelous Minnie's Escapades."

Florence Libera was just recovering from attempted asphyxiation, so the report ran. She was in numerous financial difficulties.

Olga Lafky was keeping house for her mother.

Elsie Schultz was looking rather careworn and haggard. She had recently purchased Donaldson's establishment in Minneapolis and found it more care than Kratz's.

I wish you could have seen Mr. Sechter. He gave us a reading from Poe's "The Raven," the same one that he gives in his lectures. It was splendid!

Grace Hardwick was a dancing teacher in Salt Lake City. She said the patronage was good (!)

Gertrude Brietlow isn't doing much but staying home having a good time.

We had some good music I almost forgot to tell about. It was by the Carleton Glee Club under the direction of Arthur Burmeister.

Some one else missing. "Where is Margaret Hill?" I asked. "Touring Europe as an opera singer. Couldn't get away!" came the answer.

Helen Roemer had made a mark in the world by writing her exciting book, "Hair-breadth Adventures in Holland."

You all know about Estelle Randall. She has gone off on a new war path for better conditions in politics.

Helen Redig and Laura Schmidt were still quarreling as to who should teach German if Doctor Hillmer happened to resign. It was an outstanding joke.

Ruth Welsh had come all the way from Rome where she had been directing the Montesorri School.

When I spoke to Cornelia Runge she told me in a whisper that she was running a beauty parlor in Fountain City, but I shouldn't tell anyone because she feared a rival establishment.

Lola Kelley was not there because she had become a Sister at St. Teresa's and might not indulge in parties of any sort.

I had a good long talk with Alberta Felenzer. She told me some most exciting things about her life as a missionary in India. I was so interested that I did not notice that some of the people were leaving.

"Who is that distinguished looking man going out of the door?" I asked. "Why! that's General Jennings. Don't you remember Cy? He's been in the Army for twenty years!"

I felt like Rip Van Winkle.

"Is that Laura Hoge in the corner over there?" I asked timidly. "Yes, isn't she splendid? You knew that she won a prize for long distance swimming, didn't you?" (O, yes).

Earl Jewell and Carl Kropp were arguing away as if their living depended upon it. When I was near enough to hear, they were talking thus:

"Poetry does emanate from the soul," by Earl. "Well, a lawyer is just as much good in the world as a poet any day," by Carl, which shows their occupations clearly enough. It was true—Carl and Fred Schaeffer were lawyers in the same city and Earl and Myron Loomis had become poets of note.

A large canning factory had arisen in Pleasant Valley where Lester Harris sent the extra beans he hoed in his youth. He was surely making money.

Grace Burke was so busy she would hardly speak to me. She did manage to say, "Writing Interlinear translation—Immense—dedicated Dr. Hillmer" I supplied "of" and "to."

I couldn't find Elizabeth Schellhas for some time but when I did she nearly talked me to death. I learned that she had walked clear around the world and had received an additional vocabulary in each country. She was boarding at Drenckhahn's because Annabel was at the hospital as a nurse and the folks needed some one to cheer them.

Carpenter Buck entertained us with selections from his "American Pickwick Papers." You just couldn't help laughing at him because he is so droll.

The rest of the people were hard to get track of mainly because they had all gone together as a touring party to the Adirondacks. Irene Botzet, Grace Burns, Arthur Gallien, Pearl Haesly, Elmer Prosser, Paul Baumgartner, Amy Olson and Arthur Stirneman were those whom I knew. I was sorry not to see them, but I was glad to find they were having a vacation.

At about eleven thirty our party broke up with many fervent promises of a speedy return. People are the queerest! I never expected the strange things they did. Well, dear Diary, this is a long chronicle and I am sleepy. I may write more later—but for once I think this quite sufficient!



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Class Poem

Myron Loomis

I.

A child of tender years, one bright September day,
Turned from his hours of romping, and spurned his hours of play.
His footsteps now were bent upon a different course,—
But not, perhaps, without the dire persuasion of force.

II.

All that was his to learn he had exploited well;
He'd learned to know the stories that his daddy used to tell;
He'd learned to walk, he'd learned to talk of things quite common-
place;
(And, under pressure, he had learned the way to wash one's face.)

III.

But now, the days of romping and of unrestricted play
Were o'er, and on the morning of that bright September day
A greater field for conquest, and a vision wondrous wide,
Was opened to his childish gaze,—submitted to his pride.

IV.

The start was slow, but all was well begun at last,
And, as his thought matured, and the vision widened fast,
New crowns, each in its turn more brilliant, lured him on,
And he, impatient always, in pursuit would soon press on.

V.

The difficulties in his studies were quickly put to route,
For with his steady blows the victor won the bout.
Nor was there one in any class who was this laddy's peer,—
There seemed no obstacle could stop his conquering career.

VI.

Formidable examinations appeared in front of him,
But he dug in, and soon had conquered, and did it with a vim
That was unequalled by his mates, and though for this they'd taunt
him,
When hard things loomed before them, strange to stay, they'd
want him.

VII.

And so this lad continued, conq'ring all he met,
For he has finished High School while his comrades labor yet
With all the mysteries of Latin One or Two,
And vainly wish, "If I were only half as smart as you."

VIII.

And though they wish in vain, they might do better far
If they should learn a lesson—first all prejudice debar—
And find that his success, his stamina, his fiber,
Is bound up in his motto, "Conq'ring, and still to conquer."

IX.

This lad is thus well fitted for the trying fight of life
If he retains his motto of victorious strife.
Well has the Class of 'Fifteen kept it, and ever will:
"Conq'ring, and still to conquer" shall be our watchword still.

Class Song

Beloit College Tune

Words by Gladys Winter

In our good old Minnesota,
In our dear Winona High,
Is a class of loyal students,
Boys and girls with standards high.
"Conquering now and still to conquer,"
Thus we strive with all our might;
Fragrant lily of the valley
Guards our banner green and white.

Chorus

Dear old High School, we'll be true to thee,
To thy mandates we will loyal be;
Work and play has pleasure been with thee,
Winona High! Our dear Winona High!

When we've left our dear old High School,
When we're scattered far and wide,
When in old familiar class rooms,
No more we'll gather side by side;
Still we'll think of fun and frolic
And our friends of days gone by
When we worked and played together
In our old Winona High.

Chorus

An Expository Paragraph On the Use of Simple Words.

Literary aspirants should religiously eschew polysyllabic orthography. The philosophical and philological substructure of this principle is elutable. Excessively attenuated verbal symbols inevitably induce unnecessary complexity and consequently exaggerate the obfuscation of the mentality of the peruser. Conversely, expressions which are reduced to the furthestmost minimum of simplification and compactness, besides contributing realistic verisimilitude, constitute a much less onerous handicap to the readers' perspicacity. Observe, for instance, the unmistakable, and inescapable expressiveness of onomatopoeic, interjectional, monosyllabic utterances, especially when motivated under strenuous emotional circumstances. How much more appealing is their euphonious pulchritude than the preposterous and pretentious pomposity of elongated verbiage! —C. K.

JUNE.

We hear the wind a-calling, its' music rising, falling;
Our feet must go a-roving
Where our souls will be in tune;
Our hearts now sing a ditty, 'tis not of town or city;
But just of what we're loving,
For 'tis June, fair June.

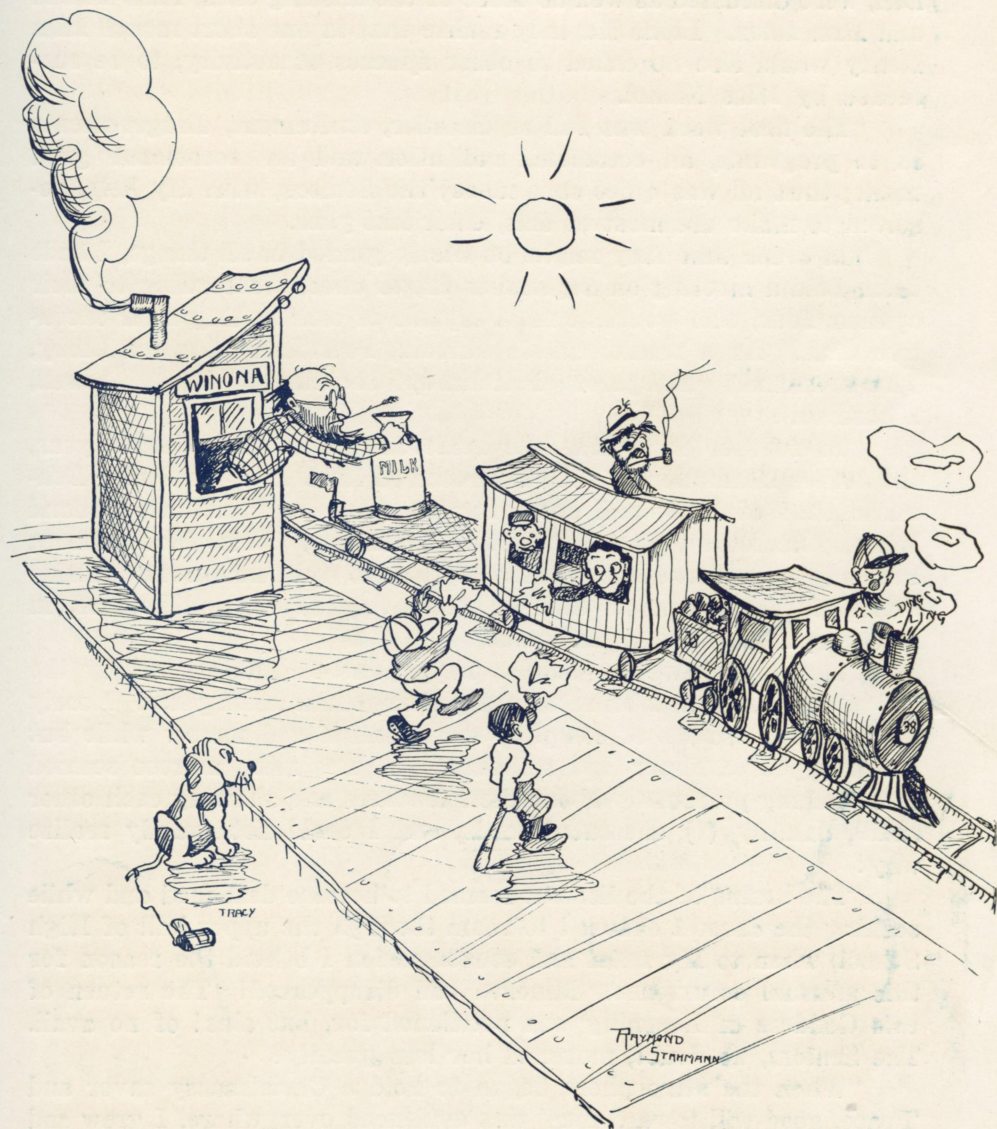
We cannot stay our longing; keen wishes come a-thronging;
The country's spells upon us
To draw us sure and soon;
We've visions now of beauty, and naught appeals as duty,
We're homesick for the green fields,
For 'tis June, bright June.

—A. F. '15.



ART DEPARTMENT

LOCALS





THE Spirit of the Class of 1915, was ushered into Winona High School, September, 1915, at a time of great excitement when everyone bubbled over with accounts of the summer's auto tour, the trip thru the West, or the quiet visit at home. The merits of the new teachers, Miss Moore and Miss Bell, were discussed as well as those of the missing ones, Miss Leland and Mrs. Allen. Little did they realize that in one short month Miss Henry would also be called to other spheres of activity, to be succeeded by Miss Nichol.

"The first week was full of disorder, excitement, disagreements as to programs, an occasional recitation and an occasional good mark; then all was quiet once more; the Seniors, with My help, resolved to make the most of this, their last year.

"In order that they might be wisely guided in all things, I bade them hold a meeting on September 22, to choose, according to their opinion, four, who would be most capable of constituting their executive staff. As a result, Calvin Reibert, President; Edward Libby, Vice-President; Margaret Pritchard, Secretary; Earle Jewell, Treasurer.

"To further their dramatic achievements of their Junior year, the Junior Dramatic Club of 1914 resolved itself into the Senior Dramatic Club of 1915, and chose for its officers: President, Rolland Wilson; Secretary, Edward Curtis; Treasurer, Miss McCutcheon; Property-Man, Lawrence Spear. Owing to the numerous outside activities, the Dramatic Club lost its lively aspect and became, in modern phraseology, a 'has-been.'

"The days flew by,—bright, happy care-free days, but by the end of the first month an astonishing change had taken place. Nearly all wore expressions of complete mortification and sorrow while but a few appeared happy and self-satisfied. The more morose seemed to be talking profoundly about their teachers and showing each other small, daintily (!) decorated cards, and I could not exactly realize why!

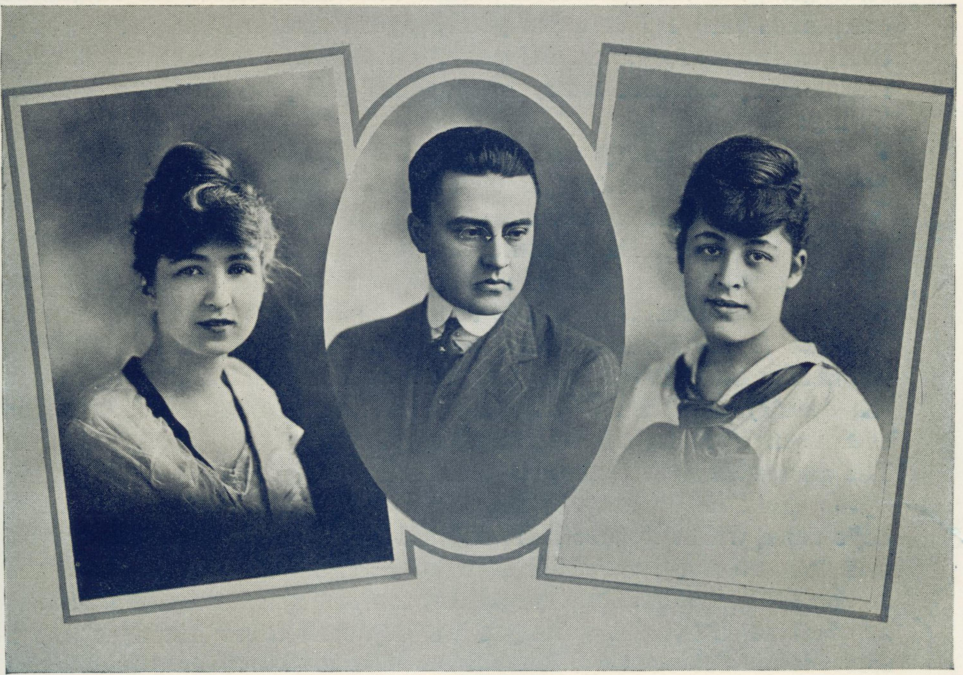
"The brains of the Seniors seemed to become deadened and while seeking the cause I chanced to roam through the upper hall of High School, when to My relief and consternation I beheld the reason for this unusual occurrence. Minerva had disappeared! The return of this Goddess of Learning was petitioned for, but alas! of no avail. The Seniors, no doubt, mourned her loss greatly!

"When the atmosphere began to hold a Christmassy savor and 'Peace, good-will toward men' was evidenced everywhere, I grew sad and sorrowful, for the time was soon to come when the Spirit of the Class of '15 was to live no more. But through the gloom, shines a gleam of satisfaction. One of My flock, Cyrus Jennings, won first place in oratory in the Preliminary Declamatory Contest and first

place in the Elimination Contest held at Chatfield.

"Guided by a sense of enjoyment which this class has always possessed, they, in company with the members of the faculty, on November 11, allowed their gay spirits to run at random. How I laugh when I think of those obstacles races in which Mr. Davis and Mr. Solvason so gallantly took part! Then suddenly through the air came the sound of bells—sweet, sonorous bells,—which tolled out the sad news that Miss Anderson was soon to leave us, to enter upon a more helpful, and a greater mission.

"The cold of winter quickly disappeared and with the glory of Spring came renewed enthusiasm in the hearts of the Seniors. Class play, invitations, graduation costumes, pictures! And I looked calmly



THE DECLAMATORY TRIO

on, pride filling my quickly ageing spirit. Added to all this came the honor roll which was to decide who should receive the reward for diligent study. My pride grew great when Gladys Winter with an average of 95.32 was proclaimed valedictorian and Rolland Wilson, with an average of 94.68 salutatorian. I knew that My efforts were not in vain. The others who completed this noteworthy list are: Eunice Myers, 94.50; Olga Lafky, 94.32; Queen Arndt, 93.78; Lawrence Spear, 93.1; Minnie Sontag, 93.03; Myron Loomis, 92.50; Phillip Bourne, 91.78; Edward Bergum, 91.43; Calvin Reibert, 91.32; Carl Kropp, 91.13; Laura Hoge, 91.07; Adelia Hanson, 90.96. Almost immediately after the announcement of the honor roll came the joyful

news of Mrs. Allen's return to Winona; but even in the midst of our rejoicing we heard the sad tidings of Miss Moore's and Miss Smith's intentions of leaving us, never to return.

"How sad everyone seems of late! I believe they realize My sorrow and are trying to help Me bear it more easily. Each one has acquired an unusually grave appearance, for the future must be definitely planned to the satisfaction of themselves as well as to Me. They will not disappoint Me, I know.

"The Juniors, also solicitous of their welfare, wished to give them a 'bon voyage' upon embarking on this journey through life in order that they might take with them a memory of their successors. The Masonic Temple on May 21, became the scene of gay festivities, for the success of which the Junior hostesses should be complimented. I felt quite young again and enjoyed seeing My charges gracefully "tread the mazy." The toast program was cleverly managed by Herbert Hess, who opened the program with the following:

Every rose has its thorn,
There's fuzz on all the peaches,
There never was a banquet yet
Without some lengthy speeches.

In a very entertaining manner he then introduced Alphonse Goergen, the President of the Junior Class, who gave a speech of welcome to the Seniors which was responded to by Calvin Reibert, the Senior Class President. The next toast, by Merle Jewell, was to the Faculty and then Mr. Davis, our friend and principal, who has ever been loyal to all the activities of the school, was introduced. The next speaker was Eugene Simons, who paid his respects to the Senior girls. Margaret Pritchard followed with a toast to the Junior boys after which Esther Hanson gave her toast to the Senior boys. The toastmaster introduced Edward Libby, who was to toast the Junior girls, and then Mr. Voorhees, the last speaker, gave a greatly appreciated talk. At midnight we departed after having spent a most delightful evening.

"And now that only a few short weeks remain before this Class of '15 separates to pursue their own personal interests, I feel that My mission on earth is nearly complete. There will be the Baccalaureate Sermon, which the Seniors have requested Rev. G. S. Keller to preach, the class play, 'The County Chairman,' on June 9, which Mrs. Arndt has been so diligently coaching, the Senior picnic and then the great climax—Commencement, June 11, when the Seniors of 1915 shall reluctantly take their sheepskins, the object of their endeavors through the past four years, four of the most pleasant years of their lives, equally divided between fun, work, seriousness and frivolity. Then will come the last parting farewells, and half joyous, half sorrowful, "I must go on my onward journey—alone."

ATHLETICS



FOOTBALL



HE football season of 1914 opened with a rush and when the call for volunteers was sounded, about twenty-five "Huskies" reported for duty. As eight of last year's players returned, the chances were promising for a champion team. Coach Walter again took charge and started working the team into shape for the hard battles to come. Toward the middle of the season it was found that he would be unable to continue as coach, owing to heavy school duties, so the team was turned over to Mr. Rowen. It may seem as though the team did not make a very good record, but if you will take into consideration the fact that our hardest games were played early in the season and away from home, the reason for these defeats will be apparent. Likewise if the scores of the latter part of the season are scanned and compared with those of the first, the decided improvement will be evident.

The line-up was as follows:

Prosser, l. e.	M. Jewell, q. b.
Laufenburger, l. g.	Libby, r. e.
Schuppenhauer, l. g.	Stirneman, l. h. b.
Carncross and Braley, c.	Grausnick, f. b.
Harris, r. g.	R. Buck and Braley, r. h. b.
McGill, r. t.	

The games as played:

W. H. S. 14, Alumni, 0.
W. H. S. 7, Sparta, 55.
W. H. S. 3, La Crosse, 7.
W. H. S. 0, St. Paul, 36.
W. H. S. 58, Rochester, 0.
W. H. S. 0, Tomah H. S. 0.
W. H. S. 0, St. Mary's College, 0.

BASKET BALL

Great credit is due Mr. Rowen for the splendid basket ball team produced this year, for when the season opened it was found that an entire new team would be necessary, as not one member of last year's star team returned to play. Undismayed, Mr. Rowen went at



FOOTBALL TEAM

it and before the season was over he produced a team that should in all fairness have gone to Carleton to play for the State Championship. The team was unusual in that it was composed of stars, working together like a machine, and dazzling everyone by its speed and dexterity. Among the members of the squad were "Short and Speedy Grausnick," "Slim and Snaky Hammer," "Fat, but Fast, McGill," "Long and Lanky Laufenburger," "The Two Hardworking Jewells," and Borncamp, McCarl and Davis. The following is the schedule:

Winona High, 37; Arcadia, 18.

Winona High, 9; Red Wing, 29.

Winona High, 47; Winona Normal, 16.

Winona High, 16; Red Wing, 24.

Winona High, 71; Red Wing Training School, 19.

Winona High, 31; Wabasha, 29.

Winona High, 2; Lake City, 0.

Winona High, 23; Cutlers, 30.

The team:

Ralph Hammer, right forward.

George McGill, center.

Merle Jewell, right guard.

Earle Jewell, left guard.

Harry Grausnick, left forward.

Robert Borncamp, forward.

Laufenburger, guard and center.

BASEBALL

Immediately after Spring vacation a meeting of last year's baseball team was held, and Elmer Prosser, the veteran catcher, was elected captain of this year's team. He immediately began "scouting" for material and when a count was made the first day of practice it was found that he had rounded up some two-score applicants. Mr. Steer then took them in hand and began to weed out the less fortunate. The worry caused by the lack of pitchers was relieved by the appearance of George Russell, who soon showed himself to be a "slab artist" of no mean ability. Of course, after this difficulty was disposed of it was an easy matter to choose the rest of the team, for with "George" on the mound the rest was easy.



BASKET BALL TEAM

The team:

E. Prosser, c.	E. Libby, 3rd b.
G. Russell, p.	E. Brown, lf.
R. Borncamp, 1st b.	G. McGill, cf.
C. Barth, 2nd b.	R. Stevens, rf.
H. Prosser, ss.	Wacholz, sub.

Arcadia, 6; W. H. S., 4.

On Saturday, April 17, the team went over to Arcadia to play the first game of the season. We started the game right and got the lead but were unable to hold it for the remainder of the game. This was due to Russell's going up in the air, and, combined with several errors by the team, enough scores were made for Arcadia to cinch the game by a score of 6 to 4.

St. Mary's, 15; W. H. S., 15.

It was decided that three games should be played this year with St. Mary's and the first game was played Saturday, April 24. It was a long tiresome game played between showers and lasting nearly three hours. It was finally called on account of darkness with the score 15 to 15. The game should easily have been ours, but errors and hits combined in one inning gave them eight runs, thus destroying a good substantial lead which we had obtained early in the game.

Rushford, 1; W. H. S., 2.

We finally won a game. In fact it is the first game that the Winona High team has won for two years. Rushford was the victim and the score was 2 to 1. Russell demonstrated his ability by striking out fifteen men and allowing only two hits, while Rushford's errors cost them the game.

St. Charles, 1; W. H. S., 17.

Here another victory was added to the list and this time to the tune of 17 to 1. The weather was too cold to permit good work by the pitchers and the game developed into a batting fest in which Winona took the lead. Russell again showed up in good form, and in the course of the game struck out eleven men and allowed only four hits.



BASEBALL TEAM

St. Mary's, 4; W. H. S., 1.

Wednesday, May 12, the second game was played with St. Mary's in which we were graciously defeated by a score of 4 to 1. As usual we started right out in the first inning and ran in a score and up to the fifth inning it looked as though it was to be all the scoring done in the game. But in the fifth, St. Mary's by the aid of four hits managed to run in four scores, giving them the lead of three which we were unable to overcome in the remainder of the game.

The remaining games to be played are: St. Charles at Winona, May 22; Rushford at Rushford, May 29; St. Mary's, May 31; Arcadia at Winona, June 5.

TRACK

Saturday, May 15th, the track team went to Carleton to compete in the Interscholastic Track Meet. To this meet nearly every High School in the state sends representatives, and as Winona took fourth



place with a team of only four men, a very good showing was made. This was largely due to the efforts of Harry Grausnick, who obtained two seconds and one third, thus making five points himself. Richard Going was the only other man from Winona who scored, taking third in the half mile.

The team:

Roy Laufenburger
Harry Grausnick

Richard Going
Leo Martin

Alumni Notes



URING the four years in High School which are usually spoken of by those who are entering them as long, but, where Seniors, as entirely too short, many people are compelled to leave their own school for different reasons and if not special friends, all trace of them may be lost. But our interest will be quickly renewed in reading these letters from persons who were in school during our Freshman year.



Dear Radiograph:

I was asked to write you something about my school. It is that only in a technical sense, it is really a family. There are nine pupils and we all live in a cottage together. The usual formal "Head of the School" is one of us. It might be called a refugee school for it was supposed to be in Munich, but as we could not go there, Miss Weaver and some of the girls who have been there try to bring that atmosphere here.

Our chief source of amusement is the German language. Most of us started the year with no knowledge of it but we began by talking all the time. The result was a language that only Miss Weaver who has had experience with beginners could understand. "Karl ist auf Helen gegangen" is one of our early productions. It requires a perfectly literal translation.

Besides talking German from morning to night, I am studying the ordinary college preparatory work, but in the evening Miss Weaver reads aloud for an hour books and articles about European history that I would never have had courage to attempt alone but we have all become so interested. History has such significance in the light of the present war.

Our week ends are free and sometimes we go into the city for a concert or opera but we like best to go into the country. Last winter we saved our Washington's and Lincoln's birthday vacations and spent a long week end in Massachusetts for winter sports. Those five days were perfect. It only added to our fun that our sleigh tipped over when sleighriding and that the horses stuck in a snow drift. We skied and coasted and climbed mountains every minute of the day and some evenings too. We have had many more little outings, shorter, but just as fine.

The motto of our school seems to be, to work when we work and play when we play.

I wish the best good luck to the best of classes, 1915.

Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY PRENTISS.

Pepperday Inn, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Asheville School, Asheville, N. C.

Dear Radiograph:

Asheville School is situated in the Blue Ridge mountains about six miles southwest of the city of Asheville. In all directions one can see the mountain peaks towering into the sky. The sun, setting beyond these summits, brings forth a picture which no artist is able to paint. Blood red lakes and rivers seem to flow down a heavenly path, and then melt as soon as they touch the ragged ridges, which surround the entire country. From my window I can look up a beautiful valley with a little railroad, which winds about the smaller hills that seem to be in its way. The fellows often climb the lower mountains to see the different views. Some of them cannot be expressed either by pen or brush.

Directly in front of the main school building is our athletic field. A large plateau, which in the fall, serves for football, and in spring, baseball. The athletic system that is employed here is one that the best preparatory schools use, the compulsory system. Every fellow, unless he has a very good excuse, must participate in some sort of exercise. There are a good many things to choose from, such as rowing, squash, tennis, baseball, soccer, etc. Our varsity teams are above the average, I think, for instead of playing with other "prep" schools, a good many of our games are with smaller colleges and we win the majority, too.

We rise every morning, except Sunday, at six-thirty, breakfast at seven. Recitations start at eight, lasting until twelve forty. Dinner at one. After dinner we have a few spare minutes until two, when athletics commence. At four twenty we go to study again, this lasting until six. Supper. And a few more spare minutes, then study again for an hour and a half. By this time, the fellows who have their lessons are ready for bed, the other ones usually are, too.

This is certainly an ideal spot for a school, because the climate is so favorable the entire year. Any fellow graduating from Asheville can easily enter the college he prepares for. But in order to pass one has to work, and often he must cut short his time that is given for play. In my own case I am getting along fairly well, for I am paying the price and although I am head over heels in my work here, my heart is always in Winona.

LUTHER BAILEY.



West High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Readers of the Radiograph:

There are a great many ways in which West High School differs from my old W. H. S. and perhaps a few of them would be interesting to hear.

In the first place, we have a lunch room here, a thing which you



CAST OF THE CLASS PLAY

did not have when I was there three years ago. Our "soup emporium," as it is sometimes called, is a very confusing place for strangers, as everyone pushes his way through the mobs vainly struggling to obtain something that is edible. There are two lunch periods of twenty-five minutes each, during which about six hundred people are crowded into a room comparatively small for so many people.

Another important feature at West is the Auditorium, which has a large stage with its own scenery on and with which all of our plays and entertainments are given. In this room we have our general assemblies. Once a week, when the principal makes announcements, some one talks, or boys, representing different school activities, athletics, clubs, plays or magazines, try to interest us in their specialties. This year, my Senior year, most of our class meetings have been held at the close of the auditorium period, so that everyone will attend.

I noticed an article in the last Radiograph about starting a Girls' Club. If you are thinking of organizing such a club, girls, perhaps you will be interested in knowing what our Girls League has been doing. This League consists of any and all girls in the school who care to join and at the beginning of each year buttons are sold for twenty-five cents. This money pays the expenses of all social stunts of the year, which consist of parties, teas at various times, and receptions to our parents and teachers. The branch of this league which does the most work are of the upper classes, forming a club which has a fifteen cent luncheon every two weeks, after which some one gives an interesting talk. A few weeks ago we sewed on clothing for poor children in the city and gave it to the poor commissioner to distribute. Last year we gave fifty dollars, money simply left over, to the Fresh Air Fund. At Christmas time last year the Girls' League and Boys' Club collected toys and articles of clothing from their homes and systematically distributed them. This shows what our clubs are continually doing.

Very sincerely yours,
HELEN LONGINI.



EXCHANGES



Two business men, one day, met at a club and their conversation turned to the present day schools.

"Education is being advanced very rapidly," said one, "but are the students turned out as good, mentally and physically, as when the old system was in vogue?"

"Yes," replied the other. "Schools of today, and especially High schools, are more independent and have greater school spirit."

"I know you are interested, but where do you find out these things?"

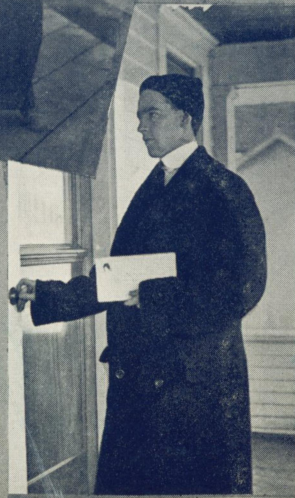
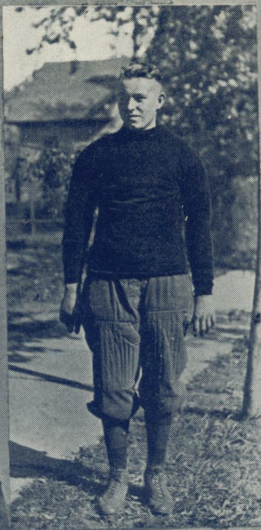
"Well, as you know, almost every High school puts out a paper or magazine of its own. It's my 'hobby' to read over these papers and thus learn the vital things concerning each school. Whether the school is strong in athletics, literary work, debating or in any other department can all be best learned through the medium of these school papers. These magazines or papers are not always perfect by any means but they serve their purpose well.

"I myself subscribe to quite a number, it being my 'hobby', as I said before. Some of them are good in one particular but need improvement in another. For instance, 'The Booster,' La Crosse, Wis., is lively and full of ginger. It has a neat cover, its jokes are good, but it seems to be in need of cuts. 'The Croaker' has good stories and is humorous, but it also has no cuts. 'The Heronica' has an attractive cover, long exchanges, criticism of other papers and a good literary department."

"Another thing I would do if I were you and that is to give advertisements to the school paper. Results will show I am sure. 'The Scout,' Fergus Falls, Minn., is well patronized, but their jokes could be improved. A better grade of print would greatly enhance its attractiveness. 'Sisseton' is noted for stories, a mystery to be solved in the next issue. 'The Rouser' has numerous departments, but its literary department might be extended. The exchanges are also meager. 'The Crimson' has clever stories and a good exchange department. 'The Archers' has a good number of advertisements. 'The Ah La Ha Sa' has both a girls' and a boys' number. The girls and boys seem to hold each other in high esteem, according to 'Impie.' Athletics and humor have a prominent part."

"You seem pretty enthusiastic," remarked the other, smilingly, "but I'll do something for our school paper next time, in the way of a fair sized advertisement."

They shook hands and parted.



The Radiograph acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: Ah La Ha Sa, Albert Lea, Minn.; The Crimson, Goshen, Indiana; The Scout, Fergus Falls, Minn.; Sisseton, Fairmont, Minn.; The Archon, South Byfield, Mass.; The Croaker, Owatonna, Minn.; The Rouser, Madison, Minn.; The Heronica, Red Wing, Minn.; The Booster, La Crosse, Wis.; Lassell Leaves, Lassell Seminary.

I'd like to be a senior;
 And with the seniors stand,
 A fountain pen behind my ear,
 A note book in my hand.
 I would not be an emperor,
 I would not be a king,
 I'd rather be a senior
 And never do a thing. —Ex.

Senior—"What's that awful smell of rubber?"

Junior—"Oh, that's some Sophomore holding a Freshman's neck over the radiator." —Ex.

The Radiograph's special correspondent in Europe succeeded in getting through the news, that the allies gained an inch and a half of hotly contested trench line last week, but lost it again to the Germans the latter part of the week. —Ex.

Teacher—"You're not fit for decent company. Come up here with me." —Ex.

With Apologies to Kipling.

When the last exam is written
 And all the pens are dry
 And every High school student
 Wants to go right off and die
 We shall rest. Faith we shall need it;
 Lie down for a minute or two
 Till our kind friend Webster Davis
 Shall send us our 'billet adieux.'
 And those who have worked shall be happy;
 They shall sit in an easy chair,
 They shall loaf all day if they want to
 With never a thought or a care.
 They shall spend their time doing nothing
 Through the whole glorious summer time long.
 Till finally a new work will claim them
 Contented and happy and strong. —Ex.



THE FACULTY

Business Directory

Bay State Milling Co.
Bauer's Art Studio
Bingham, H. E.
Beinhorn, Alfred
Bailey & Bailey
Botsford Lumber Co.
Baker & Steinbauer
Brown, Edwin A.
Burke, J. E.
Bureau of Engraving
Burrows Store
Brandt, Fred
Choate, H. & Co.
Continental, The
Curtis, J. E.
Cutler, Geo.
Damm & Son
Deeren, Ben
Elmer & Wanzer
Ford Auto Co.
Fruetel, G.
Fulton Meat Market
Gernes, Wm. H.
Goltz, Max A.
Grand Union Tea Co.
Green's, T., Plumbing
Hardt's Art & Gift Store
Hirsch Clothing Co.
Hargesheimer's Pharmacy
Hastings Bros.
Harvey, C.
Henry & Frank, Dairy Lunch
Hitzker's Tonsorial Parlors
Hitzker, Miss Josephine
Hodgins Transfer Line
Herrick, C. C., Dentist
Hillyer Furniture Co.
Inter-State Merc. Co.
Jacobi & Sons
Jack's Tonsorial Shop
Jones & Kroeger Co.
Kratz Candy Shop
Kern's West End Confectionery
Kissling & Son

Leeb's Quality Drug Store
LePage, Chas.
Lind Coal Co.
Libera, M. & Sons
Morgan Jewelry Store
Mallery, Geo. B.
McManus, O. J.
Morrison & Risser
Nevius Livery and Transfer Co.
New York Cleaning Works
O'Brien, D. F., Lumber Co.
Progressive Shoe Co.
Park Hotel
Purves, Ray F.
Rademacher, Wm.
Rose's Confectionery Store
Rembrandt Studio
Republican-Herald
Siebrecht Floral Co.
Schaupp, Geo.
Schmidt, P. F.
Schoepp, Aug.
Skooglun Meat Market
Schlitz Cafe
Schlingerman, J.
Schuler's Bakery
Schaffer Cleaning Works
Stager, Geo. B.
Thoemke, Ida
The Smoke Shop
Van Vranken, J. I.
Von Rohr's Pharmacy
West End Laundry Co.
Winona Candy Co.
Winona Carriage Co.
Winona Monument Co.
Winona Steam Laundry
Wooley, Dr., Dentist
Winona Opera House
Wruck & Gates
Woolworth's 10c Store
Williams' Book Store
Winona Motor Co.
Y. M. C. A.
Zeches, Dr. M. M.



PERSONALS



"Who was king at that time?"
Bright Senior: "Queen Victoria."

Miss Smith said Marmion just touched the drawbridge with the top of his (k) nightcap.

Miss H. to C. J. '15 who was reading while seated—"Will you please rise, Cyrus? Your voice will be much higher then."

E. R. '15 to Glee Club girls who had waited an hour for the photographer—"Oh, girls! Mr. Bauer will be here immediately if not sooner."

Miss Bell in English Class—"Why is it wrong to say ain't?"

Willard—"Because it ain't correct."

Freshman to Earle Jewell—"How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

Earle (clearing his throat)—"Oh, I began by addressing envelopes."

Miss Roberts, 8 o'clock class—"Have any of you girls eaten rocks and how are they?"

Little beams of moonlight,
Little hugs and kisses
Make a pretty maiden
Change her name to "Mrs."

D. L. '17—"I don't see any sense in Ashmen's prose, do you?"

N. B. '17—"Yes, I see seventy-five (cents)."

Miss H. says she was "brought up" on the derivation of words.

There was an old man with a wooden leg,
A ride on a car, he couldn't beg.
He took four spools and an old tin can,
Made a Ford of it, and the old thing ran. —Ex.

Parva Miss Muffet
Sedabt on Tuffet
Edens euius curds et whey,
Pervenit a spider,
Sedebat beside her,
Et terret Miss Muffet away.

To a Pony.

Dear, faithful steed, how can I show
my love for thee,
Or tell in rhyme how much I owe
thy constancy?
Thou art no thorough-bred, to run at
lightning speed,
But yet I find thy modest pace sup-
plies my need.
I know not how to sing thy fame, but
this I know,
Thou art out of sight, and 'tis my aim
to keep thee so. —Ex.

Mr. Steer to S. C. '16—"Stanley, how do you write telegraphy in shorthand?"

S. C.—"T-e-l and a circle above it."

Mr. Steer—"A circle? What kind of a circle?"

S. C.—"A—A—A squeezed circle."

WEBSTER WAS A SMART MAN

But in his day Clothing evidently was not given particular attention
HIS DEFINITION FOR CLOTHES IS,

"COVERING FOR THE BODY"

AND HIS DEFINITION FOR CLOTHING IS,

"GARMENTS IN GENERAL"

This is the way some think of Clothing today, merely as a "Covering" and anything in "general" is Clothing.

It is too late to try and change Mr. Webster's knowledge of Clothing, but not too late for the present generation to stop and think what Clothing really is. We want every man and young man in Winona to know and to realize how much better Clothing is today than it was in Noah Webster's time. The two finest brands of Clothing made today are—

**HART, SCHAFFNER AND MARX AND
MICHAELS, STERN AND CO. CLOTHES**

Finest hand tailored—finest styles—nothing to equal them for perfection in Clothes making or in the fabrics and materials from which they are made.

WE SELL THEM EXCLUSIVELY IN WINONA

THE HIRSCH CLOTHING CO.

69-71 East Third St.

Established 1893.

Winona, Minn.



KODAKS KODAKS KODAKS KODAKS KODAKS KODAKS KODAKS
KODAKS KODAKS KODAKS KODAKS KODAKS KODAKS KODAKS



CLINCH EACH MEMORY WITH AN
Autographic Kodak
and Van Vranken's Daily Quality Service.

You don't wonder when? where? or why? such and such a picture was taken—you **know**—because information of this kind is written on the film, at the time the exposure is made.

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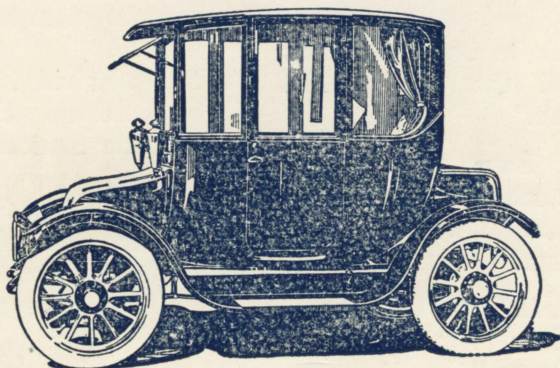
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Management Y. M. C. A.

F. J. '15 (asking about draughts)
—"Is it dangerous to sit in a draught,
out of doors?"

Mr. Myers—"You'd be wiser to sit
in the parlor."

H. G. '15 and G. B. '15 were con-
versing in low tones. We didn't know
what they were talking about, but it
did sound rather suspicious when
Gertrude cried out, "Oh Harry! This
is so sudden."

Miss Moore in English class—"I
don't want all of you to fall asleep
on my hands."

Miss Roberts to girls who were
baking biscuits—"Four girls can get
on one pan."

Miss Chadwick to boy answering
telephone: "Tell the 'phone Mr.
Davis is not here."

Miss S.—"I have never been
laughed at so much in my life as by
this history class. Why you laugh
at almost nothing."

Q. A. '15 to F. L. '15—"What voca-
tion are you going to take up?"

F. L.—"Pharmacy."

Q. A.—"Oh, are you going to be a
farmer?"

Ten little Seniors sitting in a line,
Loomis laughed, and then there were
nine.

Nine little Seniors coming in late,
Grausnick tripped, and then there
were eight.

Eight little Seniors, longing for
heaven,

Stirneman thought that he couldn't
go, then there were seven.

Seven little Seniors, always up to
tricks,

Phillip got caught, then there were
six.

Six little Seniors, trying to dive,
Earle hit bottom, then there were five.

Five little Seniors feeling rather sore,
Gallien got gay, then there were four.

Four little Seniors, climbing up a
tree,

Sechter weighed two hundred, then
there were three,

Three little Seniors, feeling rather
blue,

Rolland thought of H. T., then there
were two.

Two little Seniors having piles of fun.
"Shifty" got sleepy, then there was
one.

One little Senior couldn't have much
fun,

So Hammer quit knocking, and then
there were none.

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Wishes to thank the students for
their liberal patronage.

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ISSUE AND WE WISH YOU A MOST SUCCESSFUL
FUTURE.

Your class photo is finished

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PATENT FLOUR

MADE IN WINONA

Miss Moore—"The peasants baked their ovens in the lord's bread."

Miss H.—"Don't sit down on two reasons."

Professor Myers (discussing organic and inorganic kingdoms)—"Now if I should shut my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—you would say I was a clod. But if I move; I leap; I run; then what would you call me?"

Voice in rear—"A clod hopper."
Class dismissed.

As we journey thru life
let us stop at

THE Park Hotel

C. C. MILLER & SON, Prop.

The eighth wonder of the W. H. S.
P. B. '15 getting a girl for the dance.

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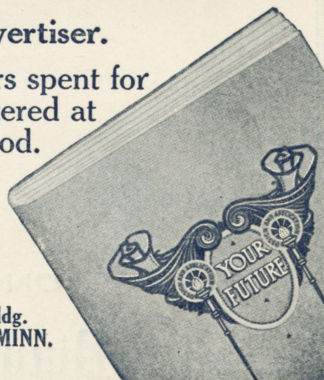
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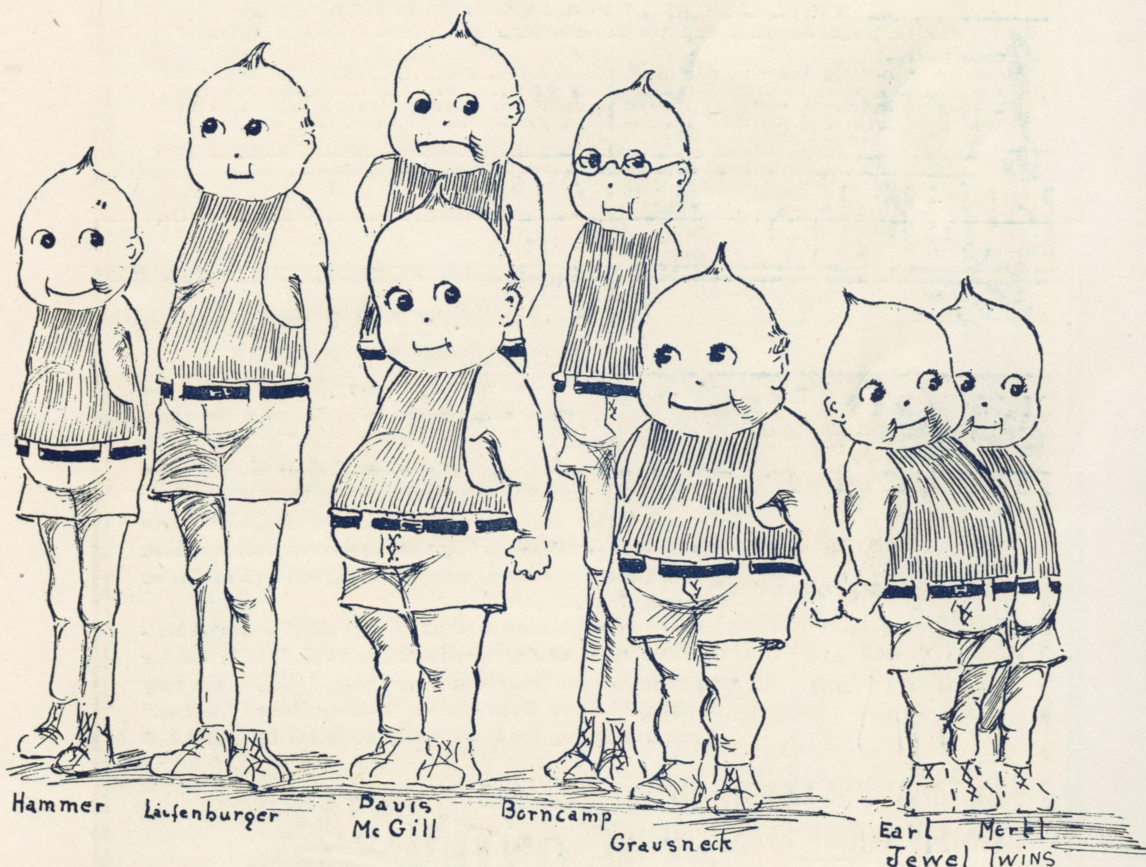
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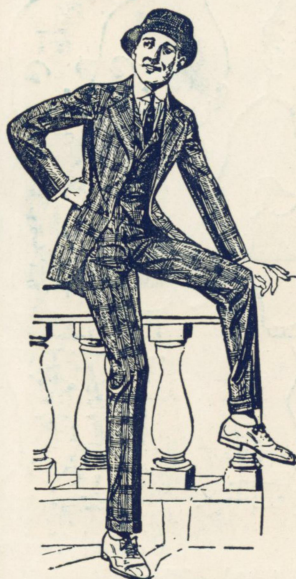
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Embroidered Voiles, Crepes and Organdies, 36 to 40 in., a yard 50c to \$3.50	
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Beautiful Spider Mulls, 30 inches wide, at a yard.....	15c
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Coin Spot Voiles and Striped Voiles, 36 to 40 inches wide, at a yard	25c, 35c

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Designers who head the profession, tailors that are the most highly skilled in the sartorial art, have given their best thoughts and efforts to attaining the high style ideals in these Clothes. Not an approved fashion idea but what is expressed, many are original and exclusive in these superb garments.

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108 W. Third Street

Ellsworth Brown (at Dairy Lunch)
—"It looks like rain."

"Googs" Prosser—"Yes, but they
call it soup."

Mr. Solvason—"Now class, please,
run over these papers for mistakes."

F. S. '15—"With a Ford or with a
Cadillac?"

Mr. Myers in Physiology—"Miss
Johnson, what is walking typhoid?"

F. J. '15—"Why—it's when you
have to walk around all the time and
can't lie down."

R. W. (translating in Caesar)—
The river was of such incredible
smoothness that it could not be de-
termined in which direction it flowed
with the eye.

Dr. Hillmer—"Class, what does
eingespert mean?"

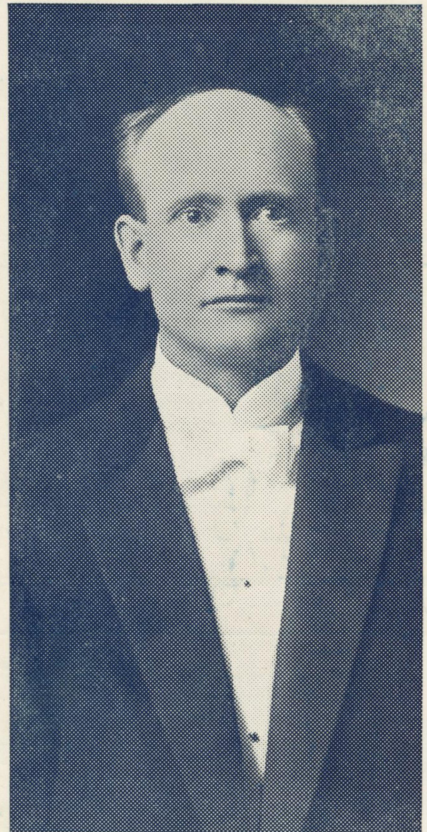
Voice from the rear—"Shut up."

L. S. '15—"Isn't this beastly
weather?"

P. B. '15—"Where do you get
that?"

L. S. '15—"Well, it's raining cats
and dogs."

Freshman—"If it wasn't for com-
pulsory educational laws, I wouldn't
speak to Myron Loomis."



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DENTIST

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Equipment: Libby. Light mohair top.

Stirneman-Johnson system of sparks and ignition.

Brown speedometer.

Miss Chadwick's favorite speech:

"It seems to me that every day I have to say something to somebody who is always doing something which he knows he ought not to do." (All in one breath.)

"Miss Harris in English (pointing to herself)—"Every man is at heart a poet."

M. W. '15, examining her frog's heart—"Oh, my heart is broken."

Mr. Myers immediately came to the rescue.

I wandered into a store one day,
Where various things were sold,
And into my roomy brain there
popped

An idea, strange and bold.

My purse was filled up to the brim;
I squandered with reckless hand
Till I had a pile of bundles there,
All knobbed and lumpy and grand.

The one on top was addressed "To
pop,"

T'was filled with a good reputation,
While the next one below was a 10
cent show

To E. Brown and her nearest relation.

After this came a sense of humor
To Lawrence Spear t'was labelled
And a great big voice for little Estelle,
Which at present is slightly disabled.

For Grace Hardwick was a rolling pin
And a book on "Cooking Fowl,"
And a real true pop-gun for Carl
Kropp

And for E. J. a howl.

Thus one after one, did I unfold
These things for my curious gaze;
Till by and by my eye grew dull,
My brain was in a daze.

When I recovered from my faint,
I had a feeling weird.
For when I looked to find those gifts
They all had disappeared.

—E. M. '15.

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Like a runaway young child,
Like a Frenchy little actress,
And who all the boys beguiled.
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From a raging suffragette
To a lover of the "Fox Trot"
The dancer's one best bet.
Who dotes on modern fiction,
And studies once a week.
Who's rather fond of Libby,
And has her share of cheek.
Who is the lady after whom
So many fellows run (?)
That's not so hard to answer,
Why, it's merely A. Ol—son.



German 3—"Wo gefiel es dir am besten?"

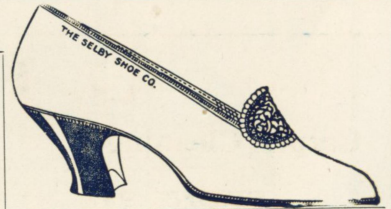
A. S., translating—"Where do you feel the best?" WILSON INTRODUCING A SPEAKER AT B.B.B



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should see the late models we are showing in
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in vestment will top off that new suit to perfec-
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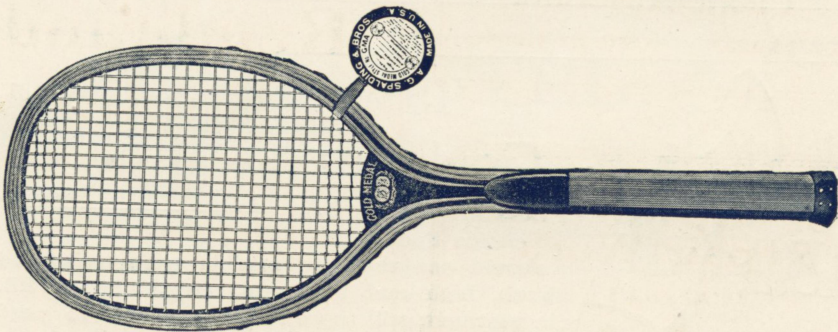
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